

## Phanatick in his Colours :

Being a Full and Final

## Character of a WHIG;

IN A

## DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

## TORY and TANTIVY.

*Tantivy.* **W**ell, *Tory*; did not I tell thee we should vex these Plotting Countermining *Whigs* to the heart?

*Tory.* You did so, and your Prophecy is fulfill'd. But who would have thought Christian Patience and those Godly Zealots should part Habitations; And that the Whig should become as great a Separatist from that Essential of a Saint, as he is from the True Church?

*Tan.* Nay, rather, who was ever so mad, to take a Phanatick for a passive Creature, who for these 40 years and upwards, has been shewing the mastery of his heels, in spurning and kicking at a Rider that has been so merciful to that Beast: Nay, and has been so pamper'd and high-fed, that tho' he was never so peaceably led, he always slip the Rein, or violently broke the Bridle?

*To.* 'Tis true, they are an awkward sort of unthankful Cattel, that were ever murmuring in the midst of their Manna; and instead of keeping the right road to Peace and Tranquility, burst furiously thro' the hedges, and beat down its fences; That to be in the Reer of a herd of unruly Swine, or command a drove of yelping Turkies, seems a far more comfortable Dominion. However, me thinks, there might be a Cure found for this Distemper.

*Tan.* Yes, if they were to be driven as the Butcher drives his Calf, with a Cudgel at one end, and a Halter on t'other.

*To.* But did you observe lately, how the Faction fretted it self in the Character of us Tories, (as they call us) as if 't had been stead, and basted with Vinegar?

*Tan.* Yes, and it seem'd to be taken with Convulsions, by the drawing up its ugly livid Chaps, and making so many wry-mouths at the Loyal Party.

*To.* No, no; that's only the working of our Physick. They are grip'd with Addresses, weekly Heraclitus's, and honest Observators, and Tory Thompsons, and cannot digest the present manner of proceedings, without a shrug and a sour face.

*Tan.* I marry Sir! now you talk of a Drench indeed: This has strength enough to purge a Trojan-Horse, and force a Tray out of a wooden Fundament: On my word, *Tory*, those will try their constitutions for 'em. I perceive, indeed, their flesh is fallen; for yesterday I met with two Arch-Whigs, and to my thinking they look'd very maliciously and very thin upon't, just like a couple of grim Satyrs carv'd upon an old-fashion'd Cupboard.

*To.* Say you so; and do you find their Courage so cool'd, since those excellent Medicines against Rebellion were publish'd?

*Tan.* Yes, those, together with some Princely Resolutions, have prevail'd much; and (saving Mr. *Titus's* presence) I think have been the Saviours of this Nation; For now the poor *Whig* walks sleepily about the streets, as melancholly as an empty Bagpipe, gogling in your face like a Creature bewitch'd, or a Fellow half choak'd, with his lop-ears hanging quite over his eyes, like an Ass under his Load.

*To.* Then you are of opinion that they are supports to our present Constitution; That they wake us out of a dead sleep, and are the only things that belong to our Peace.

*Tan.* Yes, they are our undoubted security, as they are perpetual scourges for the Fool's back, that would bind his King in Chains, and his Nobles in Links of Iron. They're the unerring Clocks, that go always with the Sun, keep a constant motion, and alarm when the Traytor touches the strings; No Birds of Prey, from the tow'ring Hawk to the mousing Owl, dare quetch while these Eagles are upon the wing; They have a Charm of Truth, that lays the evil Spirits, and tho' they can never hope to be belov'd by the Fiends, yet they have thunder-struck them with fear and trembling, and so made their Dominion divine over a Legion of Devils.

*To.* In troth, a miraculous Change! For you may remember when they snapt us up in every Coffee-House, like a company of peevish ill-natur'd Step-mothers, that would prog for none but the Babes of their own Bodies. New measures were to be taken both of Church and State, and they themselves were to shape the Cloth, and cut out a Sute for a wooden Lay-man of their own carving. The old Counsellors were to be turn'd out to Nurse, and Majesty clapt into Swadling-clouts; and instead of a Princely Inheritance, reduc'd to a curs'd Guardian, and a Sucking-bottle: In fine, every little Insect durst vilifie the Royal Prerogative, with a freedom so Malicious, Positive and Tyrannical, as nothing could well justifie, but a second Usurpation.

*Tan.* But it seems their Zeal was so hot, that they have rotten-roasted their Cause, and 'tis just now dropping off the Spit.

*To.* I, and I believe that's the reason why the Author of the Character has shew'd himself so indulgent a Father to his Generation of Vipers, and frets so excessively at the Cooks, for spoiling the Joynt that should have feasted his Family. However, I cannot but wonder that a despicable Cur, that has had so many of his Teeth beaten out with good sound Arguments, almost putrified with his own matters of fact, should venture his Brains too, by snarling and barking still at so potent an Adversary.

*Tan.* Alas! the Monster is hunger-starv'd, and fury is its last shift; so like a parcel of desperate Rats pent up in a Buttery, when they can find no hole to creep out at, they fly in your Face. Besides, the *Whig* is bewitch'd with his old founder'd Jade, and rides his Cause as the Monkey rides the Mule in the Bear-Garden; and tho' she tumble him, and jumble him never so often out of the Saddle, yet he is sure to get hold of the Main, or cling fast to her Crupper. And to the boot of all this, we have torn his Fig-leaves, and discover'd his Nakedness; and nothing is more natural than for a poor Worm to come forth, when the Earth that covers it is tramp'd on.

*To.* Why then, I perceive they are a sort of incorrigible Slaves, that swear perpetual Revenge against their Master, because he has beaten them for running away, and given 'em (choak cheese in their Prenticeship.

*Tan.* You have hit it. But I'll put the Case; Suppose you your self were in pursuit of a Lady of a known Beauty, and as Eminent a Fortune, and after a multitude of private Intrigues, Subtile Designs, smooth Plots, and plausible Tales, you had flatter'd her and Fawn'd her into some favourable opinion of you, and prevail'd so far as to find some opportunity to escape with your Prize; would it not vex the Liver and Lights of you, think you, to have a third person step between, and out of a pure honest Principle to his Neighbour, come and knock you off the Horse back with a Cowl-staff, rescue the Girl, and restore her to her distracted Parents?



To. *I confess this would be an insupportable piece of ill luck; But is this a parallel Case?*

Tan. O! the very same; For, just as this *Phanatical-Renyard* had got the Church upon his back, and was running sheer away with her, in comes *Loyalty* and *Resolution*, arm'd *Cap-a-pee*, and like two *English-Champions*, redeem'd our Daughter of *Sion*, that had been Condemn'd at *Rome*, and was going to be Sacrific'd at *Geneva*.

To. *What? and are the Phanaticks our mortal Enemies, as well as the Papists?*

Tan. Yes, and 'tis as true as Gospel, That our Danger is not less fatal, if the *Phanatick* swells by the same blast that blows him down; it being so far from securing either the King or the Church, that the Malignity would be only transplanted, and two Pestilential Sores united in one; which, as it could lose nothing of its violence, so its effects would be equally pernicious. They are like two unruly Whelps in a *Chain*, that pull two several ways with th' same intent of getting loose; a couple of pure sticks, that make the same use of each other to consummate their several ends, as two *Knaveish Executors*, that have both an inclination to defraud the Right Heir. These two Utensils together make for his most *Fallible Holiness* a most *Infallible Tinder-box*; and when he would strike sure Fire out of his *Jesuitical Steel*, he takes the *Phanatick* for his *Flint*.

To. O! But he seems to be of quite another *Kidney*; and when he calls us (*Tories*) *Debauchees* and *Damme-boys*, does he not shew his zeal for Religion? Can so much filth and nastiness lie behind so fair a *Wainscot*?

Tan. Alas! there is no Pretext more ancient, or more familiar; and the surest place to find a Toad in, is to search under a Bed of Sage. Religion is his Iron-bodies, which this crooked Disciple wears to cheat the world with a shew of Uprightness: and whatever the Meat is, this is sure to be the Sawce, and is look'd upon as his best Ingredient, to make a savoury Frigacee of a stinking Dish. And now, since my hand's in, I'll give him one turn more; take off the long Robe that hides his Cloven-foot, and shew you the *Canvas* on the back-side of his Doublet.

To. Come on; 'Tis as comfortable a Scene, to have a Knave strip'd before one, as to see the casing of a Rabbit after a long Fast.

Tan. Well then; upon the true Faith of a Christian, a *Phanatick* is a *Canibal*, a *State-man eater*, a *Land-Cormorant*, that by blasting our good Name would swallow us alive; a sly Sheep-biter, that feeds upon nothing but Bloud and Vitals, first sucks out our Reputation, and then leaves our Carcase for the Crows. He's the Offspring of old *Nol*, that's wheel'd about in a Tub to infect the People, and feed the savage Bears. He's Powder-Monkey to a Regiment of Rebels, and attends the Camp with Lectures against *Loyalty*, and Aspersions on the Clergy, as the best Ammunition to blow up the Government, and Cashier Monarchy. He's a *Coffe-House-Recorder*, that Arraigns Regal Power, like Felons at the *Old-Baily*, and is sure to sum up the Evidence like a Knave, and give Sentence against Prerogative; But if you touch upon *Property*, he grins like a Deaths-head in a *Pothecaries Shop*; and like a sullen *Baboon*, chatters if you do but finger the Chain. This is a sort of Leaf-gold, which he never produces to the standers by, but they must stop their Breath, upon pain and peril of being register'd for *TORIE S*. He is an *Infallible Almanack*, that points out the motions of the *Dog Stars*, and other Intemperate disaffected Planets; and shews us how to find out a Rebel for ever. He's a down-right Cheat, and should be Curst by the Congregation for removing his Neighbours Land-mark, and Transplanting the Sacred Right of Kings; for he, to make the Fools Lamp burn, steals the Oyle from the Lord's Anointed, and like an Impudent *Prometheus*, Snatches his fire from Heaven, to give life to his Image of *Rye-dough*. He's a *State-louse*, with a black list upon his Back of the *well-affected*, that Crawls to and fro, and would drop in ill Principles; like *Nits* in the cleanest  
Linen

Linen. He's a sure stick for a new *Oliver* to build a Scaffold on, and has a Head as round as one of his Shillings; and for love of the Usurper has kiss'd the Coyn, till you may see the Impress of the *Breeches* upon his Face. He's a fair *Copper Plate* of the late times, with the *Brewer* on the one side, and *Republica* on to'ther. He's the *Lyon* in the *Fable*, that invites all the *Wild Beasts* to a Solemn Feast, that he himself may be sure of a *Meals Meat*, dissembling his own *Hunger*, under general bounty, and cloaking private Interest with publick good. He's the Son of a *Succubus*, half *Witch* half *Devil*, throwing the State into *Convulsions*, and envying that *Peace* in others which he himself cannot accomplish. A *Malicious Dog*, that Barks at the *Moon* because it Shines. A buisy *Bawd*, that Preaches up *Innocence*, that he himself may have the better opportunity to *Debauch* it. He's a *Puritanical Jacket-Scowrer*, that uses railing against the *Pope*, as his *Iullers-Earth*, to fetch the Spots out of his own Cloath; or at least, so far to obscure them, that they may not be seen by the less Curious and Discerning Eye. He's the best Prosecutor of *Popery* for several Reasons, especially that of *set a Thief to Catch a Thief*; and like an old *Stanch'd Villain* knows, that to Cry *Stop the Rogue*, is the best way for himself to get off with the Prize. He's B———'s *Boar-Catt*, that not only Mouses for his Master, but like a *Lascivious Representative Puss*, goes a rutting to the House-top, and Cat-calls the whole Faction. He's a travelling Juggler, that would not only make the world believe the *Moon's* made of *Green-Cheese*, but that it's cut out into *Penn'orths*, and sold off as it waists; Preaching up the *Whig* for the True Protestant, who is but the stinking fishy part of the *Mermaid*. He's a turbulent Wasp, and nothing will please him but a change of Government, which would be as sweet to him as a *Hony-pot*. He's a Puritanical Shark, and can stare Majesty in the face, while he picks his Pocket; A Phanatick indeed by Profession, but by Principle a Jew; and would pervert his *Mosaicke* Laws to Circumcise the Church, and Cut off all decency like a foreskin: and as, on the one hand, he can think it no offence to ease himself in the *Popes* Triple Crown; So, on the other, he wou'd not stick to wipe his B—— with the Bishops Sleeves. In fine He's a *Sirreverence* in my way, which in my own defence I stop my Nose at, till he's wash'd away by the next Showr.

To. Well, Heaven deliver me, both from the *Popish Hawk*, and this *Phanatick Buzzard*; for 'tis as plain as the Nose on ones Face, that there is never a *Barrel* the better *Herring*. And now, *Honest Tantivy*, give me thy hand; and since we must part, I tell thee, thou hast learnt me to distinguish the *Rebell* from the *Royalist*; The *Parasite* from the *Preacher*; The *Jew* from the *Gentile*; The *Pharasee* from the *Publican*; A *Reformed Church of England man* from a *Crop-eared Presbyterian*; A *Pulpit* from a *Tub*; A *long Coat* from a *Jump*; An *Oath of Allegiance* from a *Scotch-Covenant*; The *Blessing of a King* from the *Curse of a Commonwealth*; *Religion* from *Roguery*; and the *Devil* from a *Saint*.

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